

STYLES OF THE DAY

The Summer Girl of 1893 and She of Three Years Ago.

BERIBBONED AND BEFLOUNCED

The Latter Day Damsel Is a Fearful and Wonderful Spectacle—King-Robert's Deviations.

In millinery 1893 is epochal. The girl of 1890, in the severe simplicity of her garb, was like a trim steam yacht with all loose ends cuffed away for cruising, with high forehead and gentle sweep, fresh colors and sunny tint of hair. Like a fair weather sloop huddling all sail aloft, pressed well to leeward by the fresh breeze, wind-tossed banners, flashing back the sun from myriad facets of textile brilliance, is the girl of '93. A creature of moods and tenses she is a sportive, fanciful, wayward creature, whose lips, were she to speak, would frame, you think, some quip or jest of long ago, "when I danced with Lafayette, my dear." You miss, almost with a sense of loss, of ungratified wish for completeness, the powder patches and prunella of the past.

And yet the girl of 1893 is the same as the girl of 1890. The same light gleams in eyes of gray, sparkles in black and flashes from blue eyes shyly veiled. The same light in the eyes of the same men still shines from tresses golden, and grows in curls of brown.

In appearance the butterfly, whose chrysalis we know long since, she is really the same summer girl, a sensible creature in the main, and good and kind and merry, and by no means so artificial as she looks.

Women love lace. Its faint sound, inaudible almost as the music of the spheres, is the ideal accompaniment of their movement, and they know it. The swish of "starched" things is feminine, the frill of silk is more feminine, but most feminine of all is the ruffled-like rustle, too delicate to

beat, its plain from waist to hem, but for its narrow rows of heavy stitching just above the hips, slightly self shaped—here is one of the few and slight exceptions to the rule of simplicity. The bodice is double breasted and also perfectly in except for wide "mambo" lapels, done with black satin. The sleeves are absolutely, but with a noticable fullness at the shoulder. The skirt is of satin and low pom-poms, and also other gray and black. Seen amid the other costumes would cause a sensation, but in restraint. It is a bold, but not a womanly run.

The overskirt of our feasting youth was looped and flared and plaited, was it not? The dress of '93 steals insidiously upon us, a square and formal cut under the guise of jacket skirt or some such innocent thing. Here is one: Long, plain skirt of brown—oh, the mix of a girl's jacket with moderately wide lapels, opening to the waist and disclosing a lacy mass of shirred satin, darker brown, belt of the same dark satin and long, belt ribbons hanging nearly to the ground in front. This is the beginning of the fire footed, this modest and unobtrusive, to protect and we may say by power, a new chain for woman's cumbersome body. New yards of cumbersome drapery. For the overskirt is coming.

The cotton frocks and the flowered muslins on Bellevue avenue of a morning are after all the prettiest things in Newport to see. Miss Earl, of Earl Court, who properly belongs over at the Pier, was out the other morning in a mauve cotton striped with white guipure and crowned with a big Leghorn hat trimmed with yellow roses.

Another girl almost as pretty as Miss Earl wore a pink linen skirt bound with black braid and set off by a soft white silk bodice tied with pink ribbons.

A huge lace hat covered with pale pink roses and tied under the chin with pale green velvet rested lightly on a mass of red gold hair, and was the appropriate finish to a costume of white linen, with turquoise blue folded waistcoat and hit or miss attachments of pale blue velvet rosettes and black wings.

Shirts, of course, abound. There are pink shirts, blue shirts, white shirts, striped, plain, tucked and embroidered shirts; shirts that hide under knee

half cloth was never done to please the petticoats. [Laughter.] She also used to say his upper lip did not suit him. She was continually blaming him for leaving out his hair in speaking. He was not so well up in theological subjects as his wife. And there was sometimes a divergence of opinion when they were talking about the sermon they had heard. One is not surprised after this to hear that one of the allegations against the respondent was that he had struck the petitioner with the Methodist Magazine.

INDIA'S TIGER TYRANT.

The Beautiful But Cruel Lord of the Jungle.

Sir Edwin Arnold writes in the London Daily Telegraph as follows: The true owner of a land of many a tract of country in the parts I am revisiting in thought is the gold-colored and striped tyrant of the woods, the tiger. There are large ranges on the ghats—one might almost call them estates—which are owned, at least temporarily, by a pair of tigers, or it may be, by an old male tiger singly, or by a tigress which has been left alone to take care of herself and her cubs, and so develops all the worst virtues of her ferocious maternity.

It is one of these last that has come to my mind in connection with a summer evening in India, when along the lonely jungle road an Englishman and his attendants were approaching a village. In such a country as I am describing the villages are few and far between partly because of many difficulties as to agriculture and markets, partly because of the resolute way in which the more courageous wild beasts dispute with man heretofore his pretensions to self himself lord of the creation. On the plain where the country is open and easily traversed tigers never stay long in one place, but are likely to pay with their hides if they do, but on the shoulders of the hills, surrounded by thickets which are the fringe of an interminable forest, the striped rajah of the forest is often-times master of the situation, and takes tribute from the cattle, goats and dogs of the community till he can be trapped or poisoned, or until he goes for some person reason elsewhere. It is not to be said that the country people as long as he retains his natural dread of man, which is so instinctive that the Indian herd boy will often fearfully save his oxen by shouting at the attacking tiger, and even flinging his stick at him; nor do the slender Indian girls shrink from leading their goats to the stream or fetching home wool and grass because a tiger has killed a cow or hid just beyond the village.

But at one time or another a tiger who has been, like the rest of his kind, terribly afraid of a man in any shape, lays that dread aside on a sudden and forever, and then becomes truly formidable. It is perhaps in most cases the result of an unintended experiment. The courage of a tiger is the courage not of pride, but of desperation, like that of the cat. He will get between the roots of the trees or the cracks of the earth to escape, but if escape be cut off he will attack an elephant with armed sportsmen upon it, which is as if an infantry soldier should hurl himself against the masonry of a fortress.

In some fatal moment the Hindoo girl going with her pitcher, or the native agriculturist, or the local postman with his jangling bells, has passed some spot where a tiger lay in wait, watching the distant cattle grazing, or waiting for night-time to visit some tigress who has amorously responded to his roar.

The beast has thought himself perceived, has feared to be cut off from his usual retreat, or the victim has shouted in terror, making the tiger hysterical with fright, and then, in a paroxysm of rage and fear, it has snarled and sprung forth and dealt in frenzy rather than design that terrible blow with the forepaw which will stun a wild boar and dislocate the neckbone of a bull. Before his roar of angry surprise has echoed through the jungle the man or woman or child lies a corpse under his claws, and instinct forces him to go on, and to crunch the soft neck with his yellow fangs. Then the secret is out, the tiger has learned that a "poor forked thing" this lord of the creation is; how feeble his natural forces; how useless for defense that eye that was so dreaded; those limbs that bore him so lightly with his head to the sky. Moreover, the tiger has tasted man and found him as savory to devour as he is easy to butcher, and from that time forth the brute neglects no further opportunity, but becomes a confirmed "man-eater."

Squeeze the juice from four large lemons and one orange, and strain. To one quart of water add one-fourth pound of granulated sugar; peel off a few bits of the outside yellow rind of an orange and a lemon, and throw in the water. Put over the fire and boil five minutes, strain and cool. Add the juice of the lemons and orange, put in the freezer and pack, using coarse salt and cracked ice, one pound of salt for three pounds of ice. Turn slowly; it takes much longer to freeze it than it does cream. When you cannot turn the handle any more, uncover, take out the dasher, and stir it down. Beat the whites of two fresh eggs to a froth, add four teaspoons of sugar, and beat again; stir this into the ice and beat the whole with a long-handled spoon or paddle. Pour off the water, repack, and leave for an hour or two.

Boy Chorists.

Boy choirs, trained as such singers are trained in Great Britain and Germany, were almost unknown in this country ten years ago and are not common now, though there are several admirably trained boy choirs in the larger cities. When the time comes for the choir boys to change the conscientious schoolmaster bids him rest, in order that his natural male voice may not be spoiled for singing. The task of teaching the boys to sing in the artificial manner required of learners is trifling. Later a well-trained chorister may earn from \$200 to \$500 per year by his Sunday work. The choir boy of the rural parish is usually an unschooled lad, chosen for his golden hair and cherubic face.

TIPS FOR DIVORCES.

Some Useful Hints for Prospective Candidates for South Dakota.

The causes of conjugal infidelity are like the stars in number, but seldom have they been so curious in character as those enumerated by a witness in the divorce court on Saturday.

Witness considered he was the injured party, as the petitioner was continually objecting to the shape of his feet. [Laughter.] He further said that when he had his



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, are more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

disrupting the idea. It is well known that felices, which see well by night, seem to be able to see quite as well by day, and this is being found true of many other creatures. The bat sees admirably by night, as one can ascertain by threatening it with a twig. The owl also has first-rate night vision. Night-flying lepidoptera, when disturbed in their places of refuge during the day, have no difficulty in seeing at once where is the nearest and best place for a temporary refuge.

He Couldn't Fix Her.

Miss Antique—Why, how do you do, Mr. Globetrotter? I am delighted to see you back. Of course, you remember me? Returned Traveler (wrestling with his memory)—Of course, of course. Delighted to see you looking so well. And how are the dear children?

Miss Antique—Children?

Returned Traveler—I meant to ask how is your family, meaning, of course, your husband.

Miss Antique—Husband? I never had a husband, sir.

Returned Traveler—Er—of course, not just a little pleasant of mine, you know. I meant, of course, your brother, whom you love as much as any one could love a husband.

Miss Antique—I never had a brother.

Returned Traveler—Um—er—of course, not just joking, you know. How is your—er—Did you ever have a mother?

Sudden Death to Flee.

"Come inside a minute," said a Fourth avenue dealer in pianos yesterday afternoon. "I have discovered the greatest fly-trap on earth and I want to show it to you." He led the way to an instrument at the rear of the store on which was a newspaper. On the paper had been placed a bunch of sweet peas. At least 1,000 dead flies were lying on the paper in the immediate vicinity of the bunch of flowers. "I threw these here by chance," he continued, "and in about ten minutes I happened to notice that every fly that alighted on the flowers died in a very short time." Even as he spoke a number of the insects which had stopped to suck the deadly sweet had toppled over dead. They alighted with their usual buzz, stopped momentarily, quivered in their legs, flapped their wings weakly several times, and then gave up the ghost.

A Clever Retort.

In Mr. P. T. Barnum's "Struggles and Triumphs, or Forty Years' Recollections," he mentions having been in Washington in 1862 with Commodore Nutt. President Lincoln sent Mr. Barnum an invitation to visit the white house and bring his short friend. The cabinet happened to be there, and the president introduced the little mariner to them. After a little joking Mr. Lincoln bent down his long, lank body, and, taking Nutt by the hand, said: "Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, I advise you to wade ashore!" The commodore let his gaze travel up the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's extremely long legs, and replied, quietly: "I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could!"

Last week—34 off—at Stauder's.

Want Columns

LOST. I have a number of columns for sale, and will sell them at a low price. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

HELP WANTED MALE.

WANTED—An active young man for light work. Call at 10 Sprague street.

WANTED—LOCAL AND TRAVELING SALESMEN.

WANTED—Local and traveling salesmen to sell our new line of goods. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

WANTED—MEN TO CARRY LUGGAGE FOR TRAVELERS.

WANTED—Men to carry luggage for travelers. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—A competent girl for general housework. Call at 10 Sprague street.

WANTED SITUATIONS.

LADIES desiring a competent nurse address "Nurse," 414 Broadway.

WANTED—AGENTS.

CLOTHING sales agents wanted for Grand Rapids and vicinity. Liberal commissions paid, and we furnish the best and most complete outfit ever provided by any house. Write at once for terms. Send references. Wanted by J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

WANTED—IN EVERY TOWN IN MICHIGAN.

Agents and canvassers to handle our new line of goods. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Outside furnished rooms for housekeeping at 14 Monroe street, room 12.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Rooms on ground floor, corner of Main and Second streets.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Neatly furnished rooms at 96 Front street.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms in the Windsor block, steam heated, gas and bath.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms at 121 Michigan street.

FOR RENT—BUSINESS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location corner Division and Fulton streets. For sale. Will be sold cheap to the party having money. J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

Want Columns

REAL ESTATE—CITY. I have a number of columns for sale, and will sell them at a low price. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

HELP WANTED MALE.

WANTED—An active young man for light work. Call at 10 Sprague street.

WANTED—LOCAL AND TRAVELING SALESMEN.

WANTED—Local and traveling salesmen to sell our new line of goods. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

WANTED—MEN TO CARRY LUGGAGE FOR TRAVELERS.

WANTED—Men to carry luggage for travelers. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—A competent girl for general housework. Call at 10 Sprague street.

WANTED SITUATIONS.

LADIES desiring a competent nurse address "Nurse," 414 Broadway.

WANTED—AGENTS.

CLOTHING sales agents wanted for Grand Rapids and vicinity. Liberal commissions paid, and we furnish the best and most complete outfit ever provided by any house. Write at once for terms. Send references. Wanted by J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

WANTED—IN EVERY TOWN IN MICHIGAN.

Agents and canvassers to handle our new line of goods. Apply to J. H. McKee & Son, 27 Monroe Street.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Outside furnished rooms for housekeeping at 14 Monroe street, room 12.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Rooms on ground floor, corner of Main and Second streets.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Neatly furnished rooms at 96 Front street.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms in the Windsor block, steam heated, gas and bath.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms at 121 Michigan street.

FOR RENT—BUSINESS.

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city, location